

Four Letter Lie, Cowboys And Indians

This is it.

This is.

I'm pushed against the wall

with my eyes closed

and a weight under my feet.

I'll find my way back

with or without you.

It's all in this room

and the tone of your voice.

The way your eyes move as he gets close to you.

Gets close to you.

I know every angle in all that you do.

Swore your intentions were true.

If its this drink that you need.

Forget what you're doing to me.

You anxiously await his next move.

This is it.

If its this drink that you need,

And these people that you see

To forget about what your doing to me.

If its this drink that you need to forget about me.

These sheets cover your bed in arms and legs.

The hand that "needs you" will be the one that leaves you.

So this is where you go?

Go.